

SECOND  
STRINGS  
BY   
A.D. GODLEY







## **SECOND STRINGS**



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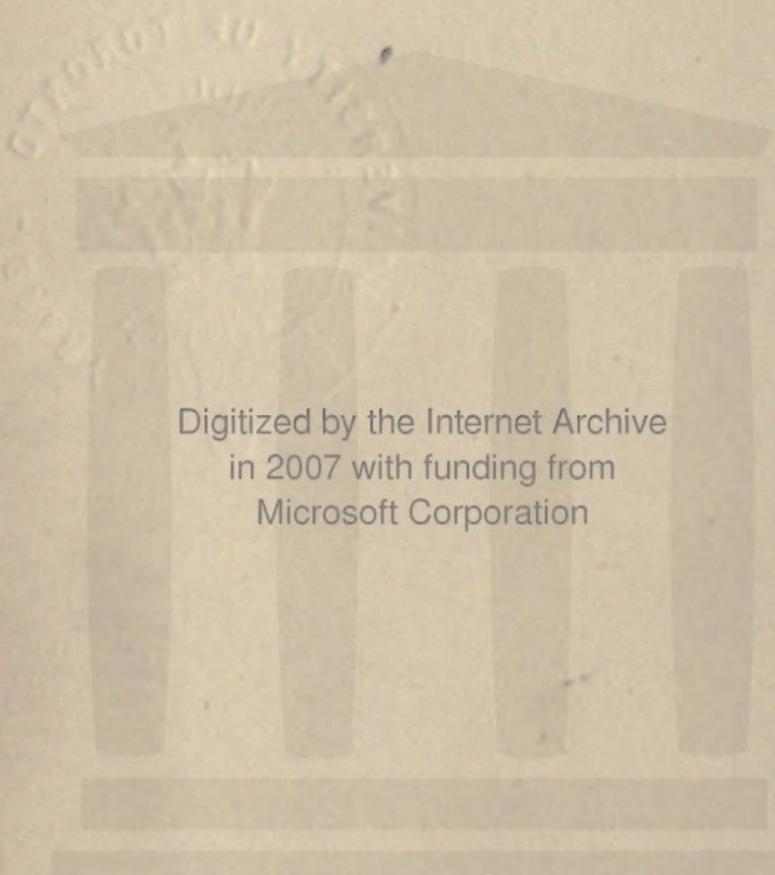
AUTHOR OF

"LYRA FRIVOLA" AND "VERSES TO ORDER"

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## NOTE

Most of the verses in this volume have appeared in the *Oxford Magazine*, the *St James' Gazette*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, or the *Spectator*. I have to thank the Proprietors for permission to republish.



## THE CANDID CRITIC

BY Alma Mater's drowsy ways  
A Critic came to scan her :  
He saw with comprehensive gaze  
Each custom and each manner :  
Each phase he viewed and noted it—  
All Oxford's various glories—  
The Don, the Blue, the School of Lit  
erae Humaniores.

“ When Movements move,” that Critic said,  
“ And souls for light are yearning,  
Phenomena like these degrade  
Your would-be seat of Learning :  
‘ Twixt what you Do and what you Ought  
There yawns a boundless distance—  
I fail to find, though long I’ve sought,  
Your reason of existence ! ”

“ I know,” I cried, “ we rouse your wrath  
With faults that none can number :  
Yet ere we’re swept from out your path  
As merely useless lumber—

Some duty's plain before our eyes,  
If but," I said, "we knew it !  
O tell me where that Ergon lies,  
And how, O how, to do it !"

" The thing's simplicity itself"  
(That Critic straight replied), " you  
Must merely lay upon the shelf  
All rules that used to guide you :  
Then take of friend and foe the views,  
Of Mentor and of scoffer,  
And in one whole harmonious fuse  
Whate'er advice they offer.

Thus will you frame a Course at once  
To each aspirant fitted,  
Which satisfies as well the dunce  
As him who's quicker-witted,—  
'Twill fit the man of rank renowned  
To fill his lofty station,  
'Twill give the Middle Class a Sound  
Commercial Education :

To art or craft whate'er they please  
Shall students all be prenticed—  
Odontological Degrees  
Shall crown th' aspiring dentist :

Science no more, uncultured maid !  
Shall learn what can't avail her,  
But Final Schools shall teach his trade  
To tinker and to tailor.

Then, when you've done your painful best  
Your foes' attacks to parry,  
By granting every strange request  
From Tom, and Dick, and Harry,—  
With horror will the country view  
Your retrograde condition,  
And straightway institute a new  
Particularly drastic U  
niversity Commission ! ”

## ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ORIEL COLLEGE

### I

YE antique walls, ye portals old,  
    Abode of High Research,  
Whose ampler bounds will soon (I'm told)  
    Confront St Mary's Church,—  
Where Dignity and Comfort vie  
    To decorate your Table High,  
While alien dons, a starveling crew,  
    Each eve regard with envious view  
        These highly-favoured scenes  
(Themselves by fate compelled to chew  
    The Magdalen husks, the scraps of New,  
        The mouldy crusts of Queen's) :—  
Blest spot ! where childlike Learning sits  
    Remote from worldly cares,  
And leaves to skilled financiers its  
    Pecuniary affairs,  
Or, taking Mr Beit's advice,  
    Is taught to choose with judgement nice  
And purchase at a trifling price  
    Remunerative shares !

## II

Yet, when we dream our happy state  
Of human woes is rid,  
Still is there left by envious Fate  
*Amari Aliquid!*  
For what avails the lengthened feast,  
And what th' augmented pay?  
From North and South and West and East,  
Like eagles to their prey,  
From Canada, from New South Wales,  
—Where'er the British tongue prevails,  
Where Yankees spurn the tyrant's curb,  
Where'er the German compound verb  
    Delights the listening ear,—  
All, all alike our peace disturb,  
    All, all assemble here!  
And who are we, to grant degrees  
To persons eminent like these?  
From Virtue's point of view survey  
    The casual Britisher:  
How prone he is from Right to stray,  
    How liable to err!  
Such maxims as for him were meant  
Can ne'er those juveniles content  
Whose marks are ninety-five per cent.  
    For Moral Character,—  
While Britain's Blues, like C. B. Fry,

Whom no capitalists supply  
With wherewithal to go and buy  
    Their beef, and boots, and beer—  
How shall our Blues with him compete  
In strength of limb or speed of feet,  
Who gets because he's strong and fleet  
    Three hundred pounds a year?

## III

Then though they come in shoals and scores  
    From lands of various names,  
Though Murrumbidgee daily pours  
    His waters in the Thames:  
Though "Cornstalks" stalking in the Corn  
    Affright th' unwonted don,  
And men in Patagonia born  
    Surprise the Bursch from Bonn:  
Though from each state Columbia's soil  
    Supply an undergrad,  
And all Australia come to boil  
    Its billy in the quad:—  
Not mine decanally to cope  
    With students from thy Cape, Good Hope,  
    Or Germans on the Spree:  
Britannia's youth supplies a scope  
    Sufficient quite for me:  
—Or if compelled for Mods. or Greats

Colonial undergraduates  
With classic lore to cram,  
Full blest I'll deem their humble lot  
Who by capitalists forgot  
Inhabit some sequestered spot  
Beside the waves of Cam !

## VIRGINIBUS

YE Somervillian students, Ye ladies of  
St Hugh's,  
Whose rashness and imprudence Provokes  
my warning Muse,  
Receive not with impatience, But calmly,  
as you should,  
These simple observations—I make them  
for your good.

Why seek for mere diplomas, And common-  
place degrees,  
When now—unfettered roamers— You  
study what you please,—  
While man in like conditions Is forced to  
stick like gum  
Unto the requisitions Of a *curriculum*?

As far o'er field and fallow In flood-time  
spreads the Cher,  
So wide (yet not so shallow) Your ample  
studies are;

As Cherwell's wave returning Flows from  
a scantier source,  
So Man's restricted learning Is narrowed  
to a Course.

As when the sphere is fleeting Across th'  
extended net,  
And Somerville's competing With Lady  
Margaret,  
As players at lawn tennis Return alternate  
balls,  
E'en such the lot of men is Who read for  
Greats and Smalls !

We bid them try—poor suitors—Yet still  
to fail condemn :  
Examiners and tutors Make shuttlecocks  
of them :  
Would you, as some of them are, Be con-  
stantly betwixt  
The horns of a dilemma Uncomfortably fixt?

When Proctors fine and gate you, If walk-  
ing through the town  
*In pupillari statu* Without a cap and gown ;  
When gauds that now delight you Away  
you have to throw,  
And sadly go *vestitu In academico* ;

When your untried impatience Is tested  
every day  
By rules and regulations : When academic  
sway  
Your study's space belittles, You'll find that  
life, I fear,  
Is not completely skittles, Nor altogether  
beer.

What boots that countless letters Unto  
your name you add,  
And strive to gild the fetters That cramp  
the undergrad ?  
Doomed to a Course that's narrow Your  
recklessness you'll rue :  
The toad beneath a harrow Will happier  
be than you !

## BLUES

WHEN the bard selects a subject  
which is suitable to sing,  
'Tisn't Love, or Convocation, but it's quite  
another thing—  
For the monumental records of elevens  
and of crews  
Are the only theme that's proper for the  
academic Muse:  
    'Tis the sinews and the thews  
    And the victories of Blues:  
They're the solitary subject which is likely  
to amuse—  
Yes, the only dissertations that the public  
will peruse  
Are the chronicles relating the performances  
of Blues.

When I move in gilded circles ('tis my  
habit now and then),  
I am voted dull and stupid, and I am not  
asked again,  
If I cannot make a series of intelligent  
remarks

In replying to their queries on the River  
and the Parks,

Where they gather in a swarm  
When it's reasonably warm,  
And they watch the Blue at cricket and  
they prattle of his Form,  
Where they see him a-compiling of a  
century or two,  
Or applaud him from the Barges as he sits  
among his crew !

When I read my weekly *Isis* (as I usually  
do),

I peruse with veneration the achievements  
of the Blue :

Where his catalogue of virtues is heb-  
domadally penned

By the callow admiration of a sympathetic  
friend :

He's the idol every week  
Of a sympathetic clique

For his prowess on the River or his  
ignorance of Greek ;

And the Freshman, while the record he  
assiduously cons,

Sees a model and ensample for the guidance  
of his Dons !

In those old monastic cloisters where the  
learned meet to dine  
He's the theme of envious tutors while  
they sit beside their wine ;  
They neglect their ancient studies, and  
the books upon their shelves  
Are the latest works on cricket—which  
they do not play themselves.

Yes! the Don no more dilates  
On the facts and on the dates  
Which will benefit his pupils when he  
sends them in for Greats ;  
For the columns of the *Sportsman* are the  
only thing he knows,  
And he sets them to his scholars as a piece  
for Latin Prose.

Ye magnificent young athletes ! whom we  
contemplate with awe,  
Whose behaviour is our model and whose  
wishes are our law—  
Who to honour your successes burn our  
chairs and tables, while  
E'en the owner acquiesces with a simulated  
smile,  
Simply asking now and then  
If you're ordinary men,

Or phenomena celestial who are granted  
to our ken ;  
    Take this humble little lay  
From a reverent M.A.  
As the only act of homage he is competent  
to pay—  
For the truth's as old as Pindar, that the  
only thing to do  
Is to court the approbation and indulgence  
of a Blue !

## EUREKA !

"Nothing affords such lessons for national success  
as Association Football."—LORD ROSEBERRY.

IF you ask for the cause of our national  
flaws, and the reason we're blamed  
for our vices—

We are too much controlled by Academies  
old on the banks of the Cam and  
the Isis ;

'Tis the methods of cram by the Isis and  
Cam that provide an excuse for the  
mockers,

With the languages dead that they put  
in your head, and their rooted  
aversion to Soccer !

What's the good to the State of your  
pedants who prate of the meaning  
of classical poets ?

Of your comments and notes on your  
Mommens and Grotes and perusing  
of Platos and Jowetts ?

You might really as well be unable to  
spell or immersed in a sixpenny  
shocker

As employing the day in this frivolous  
way,—when you ought to be play-  
ing at Soccer.

When my optic I cast o'er the deeds of  
the past and the things that historians  
have written,

I reflect with distrust (as the critical  
must) on the mythical glories of  
Britain :

She had capable men with the sword and  
the pen, and financiers with riches  
to stock her :

And I freely admit there was Gladstone  
and Pitt—but they were not ex-  
ponents of Soccer.

For the Man who is born to release us  
from scorn, and to lighten our  
hapless condition—

He is sadly to seek in his Latin and  
Greek, and he is not a skilful  
logician :

He has views in the Schools on Arithmetic's  
rules which are hardly according  
to Cocker—

But I think you will grant he's the man  
that we want—for he's simply a  
demon at Soccer.

Then behave as you're told, O Academies  
old, and reform all your ancient  
foundations,

And reflect (as I've shown) that athletics  
alone are the way to regenerate  
nations :

For whatever the blows we receive from  
our foes, we've a shot that remains  
in the locker,

And our efforts success will assuredly  
bless if we only are faithful to  
Soccer!

## THE COLLEGE CAT

WITHIN those halls where student zeal  
Hangs every morn on learning's lips,  
Intent to make its daily meal  
Of Tips,

While drones the conscientious Don  
Of Latin Prose, of Human Will,  
Of Aristotle and of John  
Stuart Mill,—

We mouth with stern didactic air :  
We prate of this, we rant of that :  
While slumbers on his favourite chair  
The Cat !

For what is Mill, and what is Prose,  
Compared with warmth, and sleep, and  
food,  
—All which collectively compose  
The Good ?

Although thy unreceptive pose  
In presence of eternal Truth

No virtuous example shows  
To youth,

Sleep on, O Cat ! serenely through  
My hurricanes of hoarded lore,  
Nor seek with agitated mew  
The door :

Thy calm repose I would not mar,  
Nor chase thee forth in angry flight  
Protesting loud (though some there are  
Who might),

Because to my reflective mind  
Thou dost from generations gone  
Recall a wholly different kind  
Of Don,

Who took his glass, his social cup,  
And having quaffed it, mostly sat  
Curled (metaphorically) up  
Like that !

Far from those scenes of daily strife  
And seldom necessary fuss  
Wherein consists the most of life  
For us,

When Movements moved, they let them  
move :

When Problems raged, they let them  
rage :

And quite ignored the Spirit of  
The Age.

Of such thou wert the proper mate,  
O peaceful-minded quadruped !  
But liv'st with fellows up-to-date  
Instead,—

With men who spend their vital span  
In petty stress and futile storm,  
And for a recreation plan  
Reform :

Whom pupils ne'er in quiet leave,  
But throng their rooms in countless  
hordes :  
Who sit from morn to dewy eve  
On Boards :

Who skim but erudition's cream,  
And con by night and cram by day  
Such subjects as the likeliest seem  
To pay !

But thou, from cares like these exempt,  
Our follies dost serenely scan,  
Professing thus thy just contempt  
For Man :

For well thou knowest, that wished-  
for goal  
Which still to win we vainly pine,  
That calm tranquillity of soul  
Is thine !

## THEIR FIRST PILGRIMAGE

**S**TILL is North Hinksey very much the same

—Albeit the highway to that sylvan spot  
Is fringed with hoardings, and the classic lea

Turned to an Eligible Building Lot  
Destined for Britain's aristocracy—

As when enthusiasts came

(Ruskinian ardour being then the mode,  
Ere football was, or bicycling, or golf)  
And, 'spite the jeers of Philistines who scoff,

Wrought fruitlessly at Mr Ruskin's road.

Here lay our path, Amyntas ! Thou and I  
Came here and dug : I well remember how

We in our period undergraduate  
Did by the perspiration of our brow

The Dignity of Labour vindicate :  
But other fish to fry

Have modern scholars : these are not their games !

—Or if they dig, they seek the banks  
of Nile

Or plunder tombs in some Aegaean isle,  
But ah! no more they delve beside the  
Thames!

New times, new manners! for the century  
brings

A troublous spirit: daily stress and storm  
Invades the home of academic ease:

Men prate of University Reform,  
Official Fellows, and Research Degrees,  
And other such-like things:

And on the slopes where Thyrsis wont to  
roam

Sheep-bells are silent: but I hear the bell  
That indicates the scorching bicycle,  
And see the merry Oxford coaster come.

But who are these who cross the Isis' flow,  
Pass the new Inn and thread the hamlet  
gray?

A Mission and an Enterprise sublime  
Shines on their brow and points them on  
their way:

Are they the ghosts of that forgotten  
time?

Reflection answers, No:

These are the Horny-handed : in the van  
Come Dons of Socialist proclivities,  
And close behind I surely recognize  
Mr John Burns and Mr Thomas Mann !

These are the new Ruskinians :—To our  
doors

(While we lie torpid, obscurantists crass)

They bring the lore of Sanitation, and  
The way to deal with Water and with Gas,  
Such things as Vestrymen should under-  
stand,

And City Councillors—

All Science's improvements practical,  
Wherein the Sage of Coniston professed  
Notoriously a fervid interest,—

These are the things they teach at Ruskin  
Hall.

*Go, for they call thee, Shepherd, from the hill!*  
Attend their lectures : thou hast much to  
learn :

How knows the wanderer in a dreamy  
Past

What Movements move us and what  
Questions burn ?

Such store of Useful Knowledge as  
thou hast

Is practically nil :  
Thou who devisest University  
Extension for the Masses, see the end  
To which thy labours humanizing tend—  
The Toiling Masses come to try their  
hand on thee !

## A STUDY IN PATIENCE

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR GILBERT)

If you're anxious for to shine in the  
Philanthropic line, you should let  
yourself be seen

Entertaining of a Mission which has made  
an expedition from the wilds of  
Bethnal Green:

You should feel no idle scruples in post-  
poning all your pupils, and in putting  
off the work they bring,

For to act as educator to the lower social  
strata is a much more noble thing—

And all your guests will say, when you've  
tramped the livelong day,

"'E's are of them good-for-nothing lazy  
Dons, as 'as got no work to do,  
So 'ow could 'e be better employed than  
chaperoning me and you?"

You will traverse all the tangles of your  
cloisters and quadrangles with a bored  
and blasé band,

You will indicate the Garden and the Chapel and the Warden with a vague discursive hand,

And your antiquarian knowledge while in every Hall and College you display with decent pride,

They will check your observations with an ill-concealed impatience and an *Alden's Oxford Guide*.

And everyone will say, while they slowly, sadly stray,

"This is all very well for uncultivated coves what 'asn't been here before,

But a hintellectooal man like me—why, 'e pines for something more!"

When aweary of discourses you have marshalled out your forces, and conduct your errant charge

To the most convenient places for spectators of the races, on a raft, or bank, or barge,

Your remarks upon the crews—meant for instruction and amusement—with indifference blank they'll view,

Or will stigmatize as drivel (which is possibly uncivil, but is—broadly speaking—true).

And the serious ones will say “Why!  
they don’t do nought but play!  
If this kind of thing is the end and the  
aim of a Universitee,  
They had better take and confiscate the  
blooming place for the benefit of you  
and me !”

You will ask them (from an inner sense  
of rectitude) to dinner, where your  
anxious soul you’ll try

By attempting as you revel to assume a  
lower level and abstain from subjects  
high:

Condescension philanthropic will suggest  
the proper topic, and you’ll think  
(delusion blind !)

That the questions you have mooted are  
particularly suited to the average  
Cockney mind.

So everyone will say, when at last they  
go away,

“ That this young man is a hignorant chap  
it is perfectly plain to see,  
For the ’Igher Heducation is the only thing  
as reely interests me ! ”

## EXTENSION IN PARTIBUS

"The University Extension is going to be exhibited as a working model in 1893 at the World's Fair."—*Common Report.*

THE days of Improvement are ended,  
There's nought for Britannia to  
learn :

Her guides to Chicago have wended  
(Quite possibly not to return):  
And many a maid must lament her  
Instructor is vanished and fled—  
He has left his Extensionist Centre  
And lectures to Yankees instead !

Six steamers with specimen students  
All qualified fully to teach,  
(A chaperone noted for prudence  
Is given her passage in each :)  
While Men, whose agreeable manner  
Accords with their graces of mind—  
In fact, who of Culture the van are—  
Will come, in a tender, behind.

They will teach the intelligent Yankee  
That lectures intended to draw  
Should roam from ideas of 'Αράγκη  
To modern conceptions of Law :  
We are heirs of dissimilar ages,  
Disjoin or connect them at will,  
And pass by the easiest stages  
From Solon and Draco to Mill.

They'll settle the Aryan Races  
Though lost in antiquity dark,  
On a proper historical basis  
Establish the date of the Ark :  
They'll prove to the edified nations  
The fact that in less than a week  
You may gain (by the aid of translations)  
A competent knowledge of Greek.

They'll show that you never need fear your  
Researches will weary the brain,  
While a person of pleasing exterior  
Is always at hand to explain !  
For then, as Experience discloses,  
All teaching of troubles is shorn,  
The path of the student is roses  
And wholly devoid of a thorn.

And we, who deprived of their presence  
    And all that gives Learning a grace,  
Must plod through our usual lessons  
    With dull and methodical pace,—  
We will greet them with tempered elation,  
    Or bear it—as well as we may—  
Should the yearning American Nation  
    Persuade the Extension to stay !

## THE INFANT SCHOLAR

(WHAT INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITION  
IS COMING TO. RESPECTFULLY DEDI-  
CATED TO TRINITY COLLEGE, CAM-  
BRIDGE)

IT was a College Tutor who resided by  
the Cam :

With a pocketful of dollars  
He went out to purchase Scholars,  
And he came upon an Infant who was  
riding in a pram.

Said the Tutor to the Infant (and the  
nursemaid stopped the pram,)  
“Can you say your A B C?  
Are you good at Rule of Three?  
Said the Infant to the Tutor, “Most  
undoubtedly I am.”

“In that case,” said the Tutor, “I’m  
empowered for to state  
That the College will supply you  
With a sum—in short, will buy you,  
If you’ll patronize that College as an  
undergraduate ;

“ And of course we shall expect you, as  
a simple quid pro quo  
(Latin Prose and Latin Verse  
You can study with your nurse)  
In your Little-Go and Tripos some pro-  
ficiency to show.”

“ Oh ! glorious things are Colleges with  
money to disburse !  
I’m a scholar—but I *think*,”  
Said the Infant with a wink,  
“ That I see myself a-doing Latin Prose  
and Latin Verse ! ”

So this promising young student, having  
got a Scholarship,  
Went completely “on the scoop”  
With his marbles and his hoop,  
Neglected quite his alphabet—in fact,  
became a Rip;

And when he came to Cambridge, in his  
very first exam.,  
Disappointing ’twas to find  
The condition of his mind  
Was not at all suggestive of ignition of  
the Cam.

He was wholly inaccessible to study and  
to cram,  
And he showed no kind of con-  
sideration for the Don  
Who had bought him with a Scholarship  
when riding in a pram;

He could not pass his Little-Go: he  
seldom wore a gown:  
Drained the far too festive pewter  
Quite regardless of his Tutor;  
Till the College wouldn't stand it, and  
they took and sent him down.

There's a moral to this story for the Isis  
and the Cam—  
(Which the motive of these rhymes  
You'll discover in the Times;)  
'Tis to teach you to be prudent  
In the purchase of a student  
That I tell you of the Tutor and the  
Infant in a pram.

## A MISREPRESENTED MARTYR

WHEN Oxford is wakened by bells  
And morning the firmament  
dapples,  
I am forced to be seen, under threats from  
the Dean,  
At a minimum number of chapels :  
When Chapel and breakfast are o'er  
And rest is the solace I'm needing,  
Three lectures on end I'm compelled to  
attend  
(Which are all interruptions to reading).

I have hardly recovered from this  
When captains compel me and coaches  
To perform with an oar till I'm weary and  
sore,  
And to stomach their taunts and re-  
proaches :  
When broken and faint I return  
Even then in my labours no pause is ;  
I've an essay to do which will " say some-  
thing new "  
On Effects in relation to Causes.

When my mind is compelled to endure  
A continual course of improvement :  
When I must be *au fait* with the things of  
th' day  
And abreast of each Question and  
Movement :  
When I live like a Spartan of old  
And my native propensities bridle—  
It is rather too much, where my efforts  
are such,  
To be told I'm Luxurious and Idle !

## THE RAIDERS' REWARD

BARDS of ancient Cambria, string your  
harps anew :  
Minstrels at Eisteddfodau, here's a theme  
for you :  
Taliessin's followers, sons of Llywarch  
Hen,  
Sing the raid the Saxon made on the  
Cymru men !

Mist upon the marches lay, dark the night  
and late,  
Came the bands of Saxondom, knocking at  
a gate,—  
Mr Jones the person was whom they came  
to see—  
He, they said, had courteously asked them  
in to tea.

Did they, when that College gate open  
wide was thrown,  
Go and see the gentleman, as they should  
have done ?

No : in Impropriety's indecorous tones  
(Quite unmeet for tea-parties) loud they  
shouted "Jones!"

Straightway did a multitude answer to  
their call—  
Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech—  
Mr Joneses all—  
Loud as Lliwedd's echoes ring all asserted  
"We  
Never asked these roistering Saesnegr in  
to tea!"

Like the waves of Anglesey, crashing on  
the coast,  
Came the Cymru cohorts then : countless  
was their host :  
Retribution stern and swift evermore  
assails  
Him who dares to trifle with gallant little  
Wales.

Have you seen a torrent flow flooding all  
the flat ?  
Have you seen the cwrw da foaming from  
the vat ?

Thus the blood of Saesnecs ran all about  
the stones  
Shed by persons answering to the name of  
Jones !

Bards of Pontydwddllwm ! yours it is to  
say

How victorious Cambria triumphed in the  
fray :

How her vanquished enemies, captive  
made and bound,

Languished in imprisonment somewhere  
underground—

Till in awful majesty, summoned by a  
scout,

Proctors and their Marischals came and  
took them out :

Harpers of Dolwyddelan ! 'tis for you to  
teach

How they fined that hapless band forty  
shillings each !

When the mighty CHANCELLOR heard  
about the thing

(Learned men of Lampeter, listen while I  
sing)

How the hordes of Saxondom Britons had  
attacked

(Here my soaring narrative condescends to  
fact),

Then the mighty CHANCELLOR swore a  
mighty oath

That the way they acted was laudable in  
both:

And to mark the gallantry everyone had  
shown

Gave to both the Colleges Proctors of  
their own!

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW

### I

I MADE a lecture t'other day  
A point of scholarship concerning,  
Which was (though I, who should not, say)  
A monument of genuine learning.

'Twas full of information new,  
Its arguments compelled conviction :  
Its logic strict was wedded to  
A truly literary diction :

It cast a lurid light upon  
Names which the world considers  
famous—  
It proved Professor Bosch of Bonn]  
Conclusively an ignoramus.

In mute amaze my audience sat,  
So deeply had my periods stirred them :  
Had pins been dropt, 'tis certain that  
We should have very clearly heard them.

I saw a look of reverence rapt  
Across their countenances stealing,—  
For once I knew that I had tapped  
The secret fountainheads of feeling :

And O ! methought, their lot how kind,  
What blest results attend their mission,  
Who strive within the student's mind  
To sow the seeds of erudition !

## II

I heard that lecture t'other day,  
Because it was distinctly stated  
That if again I stayed away  
I might regard myself as gated.

It seemed (I could not hear at first :  
He had a tendency to mutter)  
Of balderdash the very worst  
That e'en a Don was known to utter :

It was entirely void of sense—  
Fiction and fact in wild confusion—  
Conclusions minus arguments  
And argument without conclusion :

In vain I tried to catch his gist :  
I wandered on in hopeless mazes,  
Lost in a dense bewildering mist  
Of unintelligible phrases,

Till, having failed in any wise  
Some hint of meaning to discover,  
At length I closed my weary eyes  
And slept until the thing was over.

So if my papers in the schools  
Bring me to ultimate disasters,  
The blame's upon the abject fools  
Who are my pastors and my masters !

## NEW ODE TO A GRECIAN URN

ALAS ! how sad that simple truth  
Once sung to Grecian men,  
That legend passion-fraught—ληκύθ-  
*ιον ἀπώλεσεν* !

For had the foot of casual crime  
Passed harmless by, and not  
Doomed to an end before its time  
That late lamented pot,

What ample views, what prospects high  
Before my fancy start !  
Methinks I see it typify  
Some phase of ancient art :

It might, exposed to public view,  
Have proved perchance to us  
How very, very far from true  
Is old Herodotus,

Or with the centuries' increase  
(A beacon 'mid the mists

That wrap the chronicles of Greece  
For archaeologists)

Have thrown a flood of radiant light  
On manners, customs, dates,  
And settled for a decade quite  
What view shall pay in Greats.

I see Extensionists in scores  
Before that relic sit,  
Imbibing Greek through all their pores  
By contemplating it :

For 'tis not verse, and 'tis not prose,  
But earthenware alone  
It is that ultimately shows  
What men have thought and done !

And so, though still in Hellas lies  
Full many a pot and pan  
Wherein the souls who books despise  
May read the lot of man,

Yet will I weep for simple ruth  
On all occasions when  
I read the tale of how  $\lambda\eta\kappa\acute{\iota}\theta$ -  
 $\iota\omega\acute{\alpha}\pi\omega\lambda\epsilon\sigma\epsilon\nu$ .

## DATE OBOLUM

ROTHSCHILD, Vanderbilt, and Astor,  
    You who save (a useful trade)  
From pecuniary disaster  
    Persons who deserve your aid,  
You, whose income's ample scale I  
    Should approximately guess  
At about a million daily  
    (Sometimes more and sometimes less):—

With your liberal donations  
    Why should you the pockets cram  
Of unprincipled foundations  
    Such as those beside the Cam?  
Though they flaunt their empty coffers,  
    Though they tout for succour thus,  
Any reasonable offers  
    May be also made to us!

Here, as there, insolvent Knowledge  
    Starves upon its bare estates:  
Vainly every Hall and College  
    Fleeces undergraduates:

Bursars, unregarded suitors,  
Vainly bid their tenants pay :  
Penniless and starving Tutors  
Gradually waste away.

If the mysteries of Science  
Must our cultured minds engage,  
If we're bound to strict compliance  
With the Spirit of the Age,  
Why did Founders (doubtless Pious,  
But discreditably rash)  
Not sufficiently supply us  
With the necessary cash ?

Must an ancient Institution,  
Fain to prosecute research,  
Ask a trifling contribution  
From collections made in Church ?  
Must the circumstances stated  
Touching our alleged distress  
Be in time investigated  
Duly by the C.O.S. ?

'Tis to you we look for dollars :  
Learned persons all agree  
You were born to cure the scholar's  
Impecuniosity :

Half a million paid in obols  
Somewhat cumbrous is—yet O !  
*Obolum* to end his troubles  
*Date Belisario !*

## THE NEW ROAD TO RUIN

(Dedicated disrespectfully to the *Daily Chronicle*)

MY country's destinies anent  
Perplexed by doubt and fear, I  
Put to a literary gent  
The undermentioned query :  
“ What errors wreck our native land,  
And what corrupts a nation ? ”  
“ It is,” he said, “ an Oxford and  
A Cambridge education.

“ Mere products of the Public Schools,  
Mere scions of the Classes,  
Their freshmen are all hopeless fools,  
Their senior men are asses :  
The blood of Honourmen is blue,  
Enormous is their rental :  
And they're a despicable crew  
In all achievements mental !

“ To this I trace our nation's ill :  
For mark the horrid sequel :—

Whereas by Nature's primal will  
All persons should be equal,  
Yet, once you free the Bachelor  
From Alma Mater's clutches,  
*His* friendship is competed for  
By every Duke and Duchess :

" Yes ! while their palaces they close  
To ordinary mortals,  
At will that favoured student goes  
Within their gilded portals :  
Simply because he's smart and gay  
And sports a shiny topper,  
He's asked by Baronets to stay,—  
Which is not right, nor proper.

" My bleeding heart convulsive throbs  
With meritorious passion  
As I review the hideous jobs  
Which stain the page of Fashion :  
How graduates in countless hosts,  
Although they're idiots (nearly),  
Still get remunerative posts  
And draw their thousands yearly :

" How honest men are out of work  
Since they without degrees are,  
Though they're as eloquent as Burke  
And brave as Julius Cæsar,

While—useless cumberers of earth,  
Devoid of all discretion—  
You find M.A.s of noble birth  
Degrading each profession ! ”

“ But You,” I cried, “ I trust, I hope  
It was not Yours to suffer  
From Schools that cramp the mental scope  
And only launch the duffer !  
*You* ne’er the pedant’s rule obeyed  
Nor sought his paltry prizes ? ”  
With conscious pride, “ You are,” he said,  
“ Correct in your surmises.

“ Conceived upon a different plan,  
By no instruction fettered,  
Mine is the Mind of Native Man,  
Uncultured and unlettered,  
Ere Isis dull and torpid Cam  
Had quite of sense bereft him :  
MYSELF has made me what I am ! ”  
“ Thank Heaven ! ” I said, and left him.

## THE PERIPATETIC

COME all ye bold pedestrians, who  
    amble o'er the lea,  
Ye Sunday-walking wanderers, if any still  
    there be,  
Who seek that haunt delectable and shy  
    secluded spot  
Where motor-cars are never seen, and  
    bicycles are not—  
Attend while I expound to you what joys  
    beyond compare  
Belong to him who voyages on Shanks His  
    Mare.

Though fast and far the Cyclist go, serenely  
    speeding on  
(I've met him in his sinful pride as far as  
    Headington),  
Yet all his skill and all his speed, it nothing  
    shall avail

If e'er he chance to ride upon a rusty piece  
of nail.  
Of panics and anxieties his mind he ne'er  
can rid :  
Whene'er he meets a muddy road, he's  
nearly sure to skid :  
For Nature and Philosophy no thought he  
has to spare—  
As has the man who travels still on Shanks  
His Mare.

Behold the proud Equestrian who sits upon  
a horse :  
The scorcher's is a luckless plight, but his  
is far the worse :  
The pleasures of volition free are not for  
him to know,—  
He goes where'er his quadruped intends  
him for to go :  
And sometimes it's too leisurely, which  
makes the public scoff,  
While sometimes it's in playful mood, and  
then he tumbles off—  
And still he is (as Horace sings) accom-  
panied by Care,  
Which ain't the case with him who rides  
on Shanks His Mare.

The man who drives a Motor-car imperils  
life and limb :  
I cannot see the smallest good in emulating  
him :  
In fact if I'd an enemy whom ne'er I could  
abide,  
It is within a motor-car I'd send him out  
to ride.  
It leaves an oily smell behind : 'tis prone  
(I'm told) to burst :  
Don't offer me a seat in *that*—I'll see you  
farther first :  
For O that gallant motor-man, whose speed  
outstrips the hare,  
'Tis slow he comes and sadly back on  
Shanks His Mare !

O yet there's many a grassy path and many  
a lonely way  
By woodland green and silent stream and  
hamlets old and gray,—  
In Cotswold hills and Chiltern woods is  
many a still retreat  
Which no one knows but only those who  
walk upon their feet.  
With addled wits the student sits, confus-  
ing of his brain,

And some they ride and some they row  
(and some they go by train),  
But give to me mine ancient boots, and far  
from here we'll fare,  
Across the lonely country-side, on Shanks  
His Mare !

## SWITZERLAND

IN the steamy, stuffy Midlands, 'neath an English summer sky,  
When the holidays are nearing with the closing of July,  
And experienced Alpine stagers and impetuous recruits  
Are renewing with the season their continual disputes—  
Those inveterate disputes  
On the newest Alpine routes—  
And inspecting the condition of their mountaineering boots :

You may stifle your reflections, you may banish them afar,  
You may try to draw a solace from the thought of "Nächstes Jahr"—  
But your heart is with those climbers, and you'll feverishly yearn  
To be crossing of the Channel with your luggage labelled "Bern,"

Leaving England far astern  
With a ticket through to Bern,  
And regarding your profession with a  
lordly unconcern !

*They* will lie beside the torrent, just as you  
were wont to do,  
With the woodland green around them and  
a snowfield shining through :  
They will tread the higher pastures, where  
celestial breezes blow,  
While the valley lies in shadow and the  
peaks are all aglow—  
Where the airs of heaven blow  
'Twixt the pine woods and the snow,  
And the shades of evening deepen in the  
valley far below :

They will scale the mountain strongholds  
that in days of old you won,  
They will plod behind a lantern ere the  
rising of the sun,  
On a “grat” or in a chimney, on the steep  
and dizzy slope,  
For a foothold or a handhold they will  
diligently grope—  
On the rocky, icy slope

(Where we'll charitably hope  
'Tis assistance only Moral that they're  
getting from a rope);

They will dine on mule and marmot, and  
on mutton made of goats,

They will face the various horrors of  
Helvetian table-d'hotes:

But whate'er the paths that lead them, and  
the food whereon they fare,

They will taste the joy of living, as you  
only taste it there,

As you taste it Only There  
In the higher, purer air,  
Unapproachable by worries and oblivious  
quite of care!

Place me somewhere in the Valais, 'mid the  
mountains west of Binn,

West of Binn and east of Savoy, in a decent  
kind of inn,

With a peak or two for climbing, and a  
glacier to explore,—

Any mountains will content me, though  
they've all been climbed before—

Yes! I care not any more  
Though they've all been done before,  
And the names they keep in bottles may  
be numbered by the score!

Though the hand of Time be heavy : though  
your ancient comrades fail :  
Though the mountains you ascended be  
accessible by rail :  
Though your nerve begin to weaken, and  
you're gouty grown and fat,  
And prefer to walk in places which are  
reasonably flat—  
    Though you grow so very fat  
    That you climb the Gorner Grat  
Or perhaps the Little Scheideck,—and are  
rather proud of that :  
    Yet I hope that till you die  
    You will annually sigh  
For a vision of the Valais with the coming  
of July,  
For the Oberland or Valais and the higher,  
purer air,  
And the true delight of living, as you taste  
it only there !

## SIC FRATRES HELENAE

O WHERE is the pastor and master  
Who used to enlighten the mind ?  
Protect him, O Pollux and Castor,  
And grant him a favouring wind !  
From prose and from verse and translation  
Afar has that pedagogue flown,  
He is spending his Easter Vacation  
With Lunn and Perowne.

From Harrow and Rugby and Clifton,  
Released from the birch and the boy,  
The teachers of youth are adrift on  
The waves that will waft them to Troy,  
To Athens, of cities the fairest,  
Aegina, bright gem of the sea,—  
Dear land of the Augment and Aorist,  
Of Ov, and of Mη !

Not thus, with a Bradshaw and Murray,  
The cit who's constructed his pile  
Surveys in a desperate hurry  
The mummies and marts of the Nile :

Not thus does the Philistine roamer,  
Conducted by Cook in a gang,  
Attempt to elucidate Homer  
With Butcher and Lang :

Let such with a handbook provided  
Revisit each classical spot :  
But these by their culture are guided  
(At most with a Liddell and Scott) :  
Untainted by cribs and by versions,  
By books that are branded of Bohn,  
Are those who are sent on excursions  
By Lunn and Perowne.

From classical works that they're pat in,  
On viewing Parnassus its peak,  
They'll quote the original Latin  
(If not the original Greek) :  
What readings they'll cite from their  
Cobets  
At sight of Taygetus' crags,  
Saluting Mycenae with "gobbets"  
And Tiryns with tags !

Whene'er o'er the spaces of ocean  
From Cyclad to Cyclad they gad  
(Still mindful that phrases of motion  
Omit, with an island, the *ad*),

In fancy they'll dream of the classes  
At home which they nurture with tips,  
And Πολυφλοίσβοι Θαλάσσης  
Will leap to their lips !

O possible picnics on Pelion  
With readings from Grote or Macan,  
O sights of antiquities Melian,  
O pratings of pot and of pan !  
O dread and despair of the digger  
Who sees them arriving in swarms,  
In hopes of abstracting a figure—  
To show to their Forms !

Return to the tasks that recall you  
From surges and shores of the East,  
Your market professional value  
By travel distinctly increased :  
'Mid grammars we grope and we grovel,  
We rot in conventional rules,—  
O heal us with views that are novel,  
Instructors of Schools !

## AFTER THE SUMMER MEETING

NOTEBOOK, adieu ! for the season is  
over :

Slumber, memorial of days that are  
flown,

Conscious of holding 'twixt cover and cover  
Simply the record of all that is known !  
There in your truly remarkable pages

(Outwardly humble but glorious within)  
Rest the results of the learning of ages

Packed as anchovies are packed in a tin.

Sweet were the days when we roamed at  
discretion,

Swallowing still with insatiate maw  
Subject on subject in rapid succession,  
Chats about Homer and Lectures on  
Law,—

Modern historian or ancient logician,  
Bard and philosopher early and late,  
All that conduces to mental nutrition  
Mingled together and served on a  
plate !

Pedants who grub with contemptible patience

Toil at a theme for the whole of their days :

Ours to transmit their results to the nations

Summed in a single felicitous phrase,—

Sciences learnt in a couple of lessons,

History taught in the course of a week,  
Extract of Latin, like Liebig his Essence,

Classics Made Easy, divested of Greek :—

Now till the zeal which the student entices

Calls him again to his fortnight of cram,

All that he heard on the shores of the Isis

Hearing anew by the margin of Cam,

Rest on your shelf till the season's returning,

Rest and repose with your pencil of blue,

Holding the sum of humanity's learning

Hoarded and garnered, my Notebook,  
in you !

## MOTORI

WHENE'ER with philosophic mien  
    I roam through peaceful dales,  
Or pause awhile 'mid woodlands green  
    To list the nightingales,  
What time I meditate an ode  
    All to the evening star,  
What swoops adown the shuddering  
    road  
And frights the sylvan gods' abode  
    With oily smell and loathly load ?  
It is the Motor Car.

Whenas on cycle-wheels or feet,  
    With death on every side,  
I thread with care the fateful street  
    Where drays and trams collide,  
What is't that cleaves the throng in  
    twain  
Like chariots used in war ?  
What runs its desperate course amain,  
    And leaves behind a mangled train  
Of citizens untimely slain ?  
It is the Motor Car !

Pursue, pursue thy reckless race,  
By men of sense accurst !  
I hope that in some lonely place  
Thy tyres—or thou—may burst :  
I trust, in some secluded spot  
From haunts of men afar,  
Their wild velocity forgot,  
Thy owners may lament their lot,  
While sitting 'mid the wreck of what  
Was once their Motor Car !

## RECENT REFLECTIONS

HOW blest are those, 'mid storm and  
stress,  
Who still their sentiments control,  
And in adversity possess  
Their soul :

Who, free from base diurnal care  
And happy in their humble lot,  
Are still contented with whate'er  
They've got !

Not mine to climb to heights like this  
Or philosophic calm attain,  
When City Councils make me miss  
My train,

Because where'er I tread the streets  
And take my daily walks abroad  
This legend still my vision greets—  
NO ROAD—

Where engines grim, with horrid din,  
And flags of sanguinary hue,

Prowl up and down, like lions in  
The Zoo !

Ye wise, whose comprehensive ken  
Surveys municipal affairs,  
Tell me, ye Sheriffs, Aldermen,  
And Mayors,

With what beneficent intent  
You let Destruction's organs loose  
On ways originally meant  
For use ?

All in the dim primeval Past  
When stalked Britannia's soil upon  
The Dinosaurus and the Mast-  
odon,

'Twas safer then—albeit, no doubt,  
The Megatherium, horrid sight !  
Made folk averse to going out  
At night,

And though for Reason's sacred sake  
A simple hatchet tipped with flint  
Persuaded him who would not take  
A hint !

Mine be a cot beside a hill :  
There in that placid shy retreat  
I'll shun the obstacles that fill  
The street !

## ACADEMIES

LET me premise. I do not wish to carp  
Or criticise unduly. Don't suppose  
I want to be in an Academy.  
Although, had Modest Merit its reward,—  
*Merit*, I say—I would not mention names—  
Why then, perhaps—, Well, well ! No  
more of that.

Consider now this new ACADEMY,  
Its *τί ἦν εἶναι*, its *οὗ Εὑεκα*,  
Its End-and-Object, *Tέλος* : what it's for.  
Here are no Forty such as flaunt in France,  
No Continental triflers : Englishmen,  
Sages, historians, and philologists  
Renowned : already by the public voice  
Proclaimed as giants in their several spheres :  
Vice-Chancellors, Members of Parliament,  
Sir William Anson and Sir Richard Jebb,  
Peers of the Realm, Professor Bywater,  
Scholars like Mayor and lexicographers  
Like James Augustus Murray : and in short  
A mere knock-down of talent.

Now, I ask,  
Why is this galaxy of famous men  
Displayed before the nation? Will they  
meet  
For free discussion and for high discourse  
Each on their several specialities?  
Delightful spectacle! Methinks I see  
Some future Freemans with potential  
Froudes  
Calmly debating themes historical,  
Or any two rival philologists  
Conversing in a mild post-prandial vein  
On Roots and Races,—as the weanèd child  
Plays by the residence of the cockatrice.  
Perchance this learned concourse will  
perform  
The function of the Classical Review,  
Hermes, or Journal of Philology,  
Sitting in judgement on the sciolist,  
The author of Extension Manuals,  
In short, on all unfortunates from theirs  
Who hold opinions different. It remains  
That they should have no function: simply  
Be:  
While Britain's Public, with respectful awe,  
Beholds its best ideals realised!  
Yet shall a greater consummation  
come.

Aloft on wings of Fantasy uplift  
I see the dawning of a brighter age :  
I see arise a prouder Academe  
Made vocal by the memorable notes  
Of Miss Corelli and of Mr Caine :  
Where William Watson with John  
Davidson  
And Stephen Phillips, trio eminent !  
Shall chant harmonious : Alfred Austin  
there  
Walks 'mid his laurels, and from time to  
time  
Strums the loud lyre, while Henry Arthur  
Jones  
Hearkens attentive. Literary men  
Shall hold sage converse at the State's  
expense,  
Propounding laws for letters, while the  
green  
Is sprinkled o'er with wigs sanguinolent :  
Gosse going for Henley, Henley going for  
Gosse,  
And Bernard Shaw in fratricidal strife  
With Churton Collins and with Andrew  
Lang  
Embroiled : bright vision ! each 'gainst each  
arrayed,  
And all 'gainst Mr Kipling.

'Twill be then  
A spectacle for deities and men :  
But, as things are, the only boon I ax  
Is, that it mayn't increase the Income Tax.

## ASPECTS OF POLITICS

COME listen to my simple strain,  
Ye rising politicians,  
And hear the tale of statesmen twain  
With widely different missions !  
The one was John, the other James  
(In order not to harrow  
Their feelings, with fictitious names  
I blunt my satire's arrow).

Of ancient ways no partisan  
Than stalwart John was warmer :  
James was a different kind of man—  
A root-and-branch reformer :  
James as Tradition's mortal foe  
Had few, if any, rivals :  
John revelled in a Status Quo  
And simply loved Survivals.

Thus with a solid base supplied  
Of doctrines *a priori*  
(James took, of course, the Liberal side,  
While John became a Tory)

Resolved to serve their country and  
Of all its ills to rid it,  
Each came to save his native land,  
And this was how they did it :—

For Church and Landed Interest John  
His passion ne'er could smother,  
Wherefore he overtaxed the one  
And disendowed the other :  
Still for the charm by ages lent  
His deep affection ripened,  
The while he docked the landlord's rent  
And stole the parson's stipend.

True to his zeal for things antique,  
Each relic old to save, he  
Remodelled once or twice a week  
The Army and the Navy,—  
Made schemes with every opening morn  
To suit each several faction :  
But James assailed with daily scorn  
Such sloth and mere inaction.

Yet when it came to James's turn  
To guide the fate of nations,  
He did not seem at all to yearn  
For serious alterations :

" Conservatives," the Statesman said,  
" May palter and may tinker :  
But practices like these degrade  
An ardent Liberal Thinker !

Not thus,"—he cried—" is Freedom won,  
Not thus the world advances,—  
You should not fix the mind upon  
Existing circumstances :  
By tricks like this your Tory shirks  
The laws that rule creation :  
It is by Faith and not by Works  
That Liberals save the Nation ! "

This is the cause on History's page  
Why stated thus you find it—  
'Twas James who led the marching Age  
And John who lagged behind it :  
Or thus—'Twas dangerous James who  
sowed  
The seeds of Revolution :  
To John it was that Britain owed  
Her changeless Constitution !

## TIMES AND MANNERS

O MEN of old, whose classic deeds  
(Performed by Greek or ancient  
Roman)

The painful student daily reads  
In Mommsen, Abbot, Grote, and Oman,—  
Although our theories about  
The Good and Beautiful be truer,  
Yet sometimes I'm inclined to doubt  
If we be better off than you were !

The methods you employed in war  
Were quite superfluously gory,  
Your views of Law and Order far  
More rude than those of any Tory ;  
The way you used a captured foe  
Was the reverse of philanthropic :  
Your sentiments were crude, I know,  
On this and every other topic :

You did not strive to calm the storm  
Of simple elemental passions,  
But dealt with men who planned Reform  
In singularly drastic fashions,

And when defeated at the poll  
Or foiled in some forensic quarrel,  
Employed the Dagger and the Bowl  
In ways which seem to us immoral.

And worse than this (if really true  
The scenes which annalists describe are)  
I know you dined at half-past two,  
I know you mixed your wine with Tiber:  
I know that you on couches lay  
In most uncomfortable poses,  
And—why, 'twere difficult to say—  
You crowned your perfumed heads with  
roses :

You drank as deep as any fish :  
You must have been as strong as horses !  
A peacock was your favourite dish—  
You went and bathed between the  
courses :  
Yet none that e'er I read about,  
Hero or sage, in periods classic,  
By reason of ancestral gout  
Forewent that extra glass of Massic.

Then, should a too luxurious fare  
Sow sickness' seeds (which was but  
seldom),

A vow or inexpensive prayer  
At once effectively expelled 'em :  
Not yet the boons that Science brings,  
No microbes yet could vex and plague  
you :  
At worst, you died of common things,  
A fever or perhaps an ague.

How changed the modern's lot from yours !  
Daily do specialists affright his  
Inquiring mind with scores and scores  
Of things that end in death, and *-itis* :  
Of ailments new with newer terms  
At Science' feet we're always learning,  
With wholly unsuspected germs  
Awaiting us at every turning.

'Twas hard undoubtedly to be  
Beheaded by a tyrant's minions,  
Because you chanced to disagree  
With his tyrannical opinions :  
Yet, when I view the countless swarm  
Of troubles new that maim and kill us,  
Proscription seems a lesser harm  
Than Medicine with a fresh bacillus !

O men of old ! your ways, I own,  
Were harsher far than ours and rougher :

Still,—had you but by prescience known  
    What complicated ills we suffer,  
Would you have longed to share our plight,  
    And tread our path by Truth en-  
        lightened?

I cannot say. Perhaps you might:  
    And then, again, perhaps you mightn't!

## THE METEOROLOGIST TO HIS MISTRESS

HE

WAVES of caloric that warm and  
refresh are  
Spreading benignly o'er mountain and  
plain :  
Then—while an area of limited pressure  
Causes a local cessation of rain—  
Haste to the river ! where willows and  
sedges stir,  
Bowed by the breeze from the wester-  
ing sun—  
Zephyrs, whose force anemometers register  
Not in excess of 2·1 !

SHE

Study, O study the chart in the paper :  
Look at the glass and be guided by  
that !  
What's a Solidified Stratum of Vapour ?  
Doesn't it mean I shall ruin my hat ?

Wet and despairing, the element's gloom  
you'll eye,  
Doomed from the downpour to cower  
and to flinch,  
Watching the nebulous cirri and cumuli  
Add to the rainfall by more than an  
inch.

## HE

Courage! nor deem that your Strephon's  
discretion  
Does not provide for potential mishaps:  
E'en the approach of a Shallow Depression  
Nothing demands but umbrellas and  
wraps.  
Come! and at ease in my shallop reclining  
There I will whisper an amorous tale,  
While in the firmament cloudlessly shining  
Anticyclonic conditions prevail!

## THE CONSOLATIONS OF MEDIocrity

### I

THOSE persons happiest I deem  
Who learn the valuable lesson  
How better is than each extreme  
What Aristotle calls the Meson :

Who sit secure upon their fence,  
Nor are by passing crazes bitten,  
But with judicial sentiments  
Review the feud of Boer and Briton :

Who hope not all the truth to find  
In statements of demented dailies,  
But with a philosophic mind  
Accept them all *cum grano salis*,

Nor prophesy a coming storm  
Though Germans growl and Frenchmen  
vapour,  
Nor straightway don a uniform  
Whene'er they read a foreign paper :

Who know the worth of party names,  
Nor much revere those titles hoary,  
When Tories strive for Liberal aims  
And Liberal apes the ways of Tory :

## II

Who, when a bard of new renown  
Provides a theme that critics rave on,  
And Robinson asserts that Brown  
Is equal to the Swan of Avon,

Their mental equilibrium  
By reason critical controlling  
Amid the loud diurnal hum  
Of logs reciprocally rolling,

Calmly such ecstasies survey,  
Nor blame the age with useless sorrow :  
Because they know, the boom to-day  
Is followed by a slump to-morrow.

## III

This is the reasonable man  
Who cultivates content and patience,  
Nor spends his whole existence' span  
In looking out for new sensations ;

Who covets not with effort vain  
The mind of Mill, the strength of  
Sandow,  
But sees his limitations plain  
And knows the things he can't and can  
do:

Nor murmurs much nor makes a fuss  
About the marks which Fates assign us  
(Tho' Delta mayn't be Alpha Plus  
'Tis better far than Lambda Minus);

And when of Life's supreme rewards  
He sees that he can ne'er be winner,  
Yet with a solid joy regards  
The daily prospect of his dinner.

## IV

Such are the good, the truly great,  
And attributes like these will show  
them:  
But hitherto, I grieve to state,  
I've not been privileged to know them !

## THE PRIVAT DOCENT

UNTHINKING Britannia, too passive  
by far,  
Accepts the condition of Things as they  
Are :  
And she recks not of risk, in her sluggish  
content,  
From that dormant volcano, the Privat  
Docent !

Unchecked and unfettered by Isis and Cam  
Her teachers may teach and her crammers  
may cram,—  
They may lecture on Strikes or discourse  
upon Rent—  
Which are subjects tabooed to a Privat  
Docent.

Though accepted beliefs you deride and  
assail  
'Tis improbable quite that you'll finish  
in gaol,  
86

Where the most of your time were undoubtedly spent  
If you followed the trade of a Privat Docent.

But in happy Berlin if you educate youth  
You must borrow your creed from the Fountain of Truth,—  
And on Potsdam alone must your optics be bent  
If you wish to succeed as a Privat Docent :

For the Head of the State in the course of a week  
Its opinion may change on the teaching of Greek,  
And if anyone chance from its views to dissent  
It has ways that are short with the Privat Docent.

Your heretical dogmas you're certain to rue,  
Be they tediously old or aggressively new :  
And I'm told it's a far from infrequent event  
The beheading to see of a Privat Docent.

It is thus, it is thus that the Teuton is  
taught  
The ineffable value of Freedom of  
Thought :  
For he sees 'tis a boon that for monarchs  
is meant—  
But assuredly not for the Privat Docent !

## TO MY PAPER

MY Daily Paper ! years ago  
    You took a fervid interest  
In nations by a tyrant foe  
    Opprest !

Our duty (we were wont to learn)  
    Was to defy our rival Powers  
By doing what was no concern  
    Of ours.

'Twas yours the Grecian arms to bless,  
    And Europe's peace thereby to mar—  
Forgetting the Bloodguiltiness  
    Of War ;

You bade yourselves arise in might,  
    And send an army corps or fleet  
To vindicate the outraged right  
    Of Crete ;

In short, your sympathies were with  
    Armenian, Macedonian, Fin—  
All persons who were not your kith  
    Or kin.

How changed the scene ! Here's Uncle  
Paul,

Whose method obviously consorts  
With Abdul's own—whose shifts recall  
The Porte's—

Whose acts, in brief, are wholly wrong,  
Judged from that Liberal point of view  
Which I've associated long  
With you,—

Yet, when the hapless Britisher  
Is sat upon by Uncle Paul,  
Your sympathies it does not stir  
At all ;

'Tis what an Uitlander is for,  
Steeped, as he is, in natural sin ;  
Not like the virtuous Cretan, or  
The Fin ;

And Mr Stead, whose red right arm  
Was fain to plunge in Turkish gore,  
Would almost sooner die than harm  
A Boer !

• • • • •  
What smooths the path of Government,  
And clears its difficulties ? What

Makes Premiers view with calm content  
Their lot ?

Democracy ! in hour of need,  
'Tis thou, 'tis thou, whom statesmen  
bless,  
When they are privileged to read  
Thy Press !

## PHASES OF THE CELTIC REVIVAL

E RIN aboo ! though the desolate ocean  
Sever my steps from the Gem of the  
Sea,

Why do I cry in a voice of emotion  
“Slainte, mavourneen acushla machree” ?

Lo ! 'tis the National Spirit is on me—  
Lo ! in the Strand as I peaceably go,  
Thinking of wrongs that the Saxon has  
done me,  
Dreaming afar of the County Mayo.

How shall Ierne her sentiments utter,  
How shall Hibernians their feelings  
express,  
Robed by a Sassenach tailor and cutter ?  
Bring me, O bring me the National  
Dress !

Doomed by the Saxon his fashions to follow,  
Long at the feet of his vestments I sat ;

Now for a coat that is tailed like a swallow—  
Stick a dudeen in the brim of my hat :

Ragged and torn be the frieze of my  
breeches,

Garter my shins with a hayrope or two—  
Thus went the Chiefs of whom History  
teaches,

Parnell and Grattan and Brian Boru !

Erin! if e'er 'mid the wealth that is London's  
Lightly I recked of the pride of Clonmel,  
Snared for a while by the alien's abundance,  
Won by the Westminster Palace Hotel—

'Twas not my heart her allegiance forsaking,  
'Twas not affections that falter and fail :  
'Twas that a coat of the Sassenach's making  
Could not consort with the thoughts of  
the Gael !

Now, when my breast in the passions that  
stir it

(Phadrig ! a tumbler, mo bouchal aroon!)  
Feels the approach of the National Spirit  
(Put in the sugar and mix with a  
spoon),—

Now, when I glow with a Nation's afflatus,  
Garments I'll wear that my ardour  
denote :  
Tyrants who crush us, and foemen who  
hate us,  
Tread, if you dare, on the tail of my  
coat !

## HEROES OF THE GAEL

WHEN England's at war with the nations,

Hibernia ! I note with applause  
How still with your noble orations  
    You champion her enemies' cause :  
Whatever their country or creed is,  
    Though dark and disgusting their hue,  
Be they Dervishes, Boers, or Afridis,  
    Mad Mullah, Mynheer, or Manchu,  
        To you  
They're heroes and patriots true !

Although to political students  
    'Twould seem that proceedings like these  
Are hardly consistent with prudence,  
    Regarded as efforts to please,—  
Though even the Liberal Party  
    Experienced a tinge of regret,  
When vows that were ardent and hearty  
    You offered that Mr De Wet  
        Might get  
Away from Lord Kitchener's net,—

Yet stint not your enmity's rod on  
The backs of the Saxons to lay !  
The worm that will turn when it's trod on  
Is far more impatient than they :  
Whenever you side with their foemen  
Their place it will teach them to know :  
They'll found you academies Roman  
And rent you a million below  
(Or so)  
The sum that to landlords you owe !

But could you from England's allegiance  
Be freed (and I wish that you were),  
And call from their several regions  
The heroes you plainly prefer,  
Released from the tyrants who hate you  
And revel (I'm told) in your gore,  
What manifold blessings await you,  
What evils will fly from your shore  
Before  
The sway of the Dervish or Boer !

Methinks I behold Mr Krüger  
Endowing a place of research  
Intended for candidates eager  
To shine in the Catholic Church :  
Unchecked 'neath his peaceful dominion  
Tim Healy and Redmond would bawl—

Free speech and untrammelled opinion  
Was always in vogue on the Vaal :  
    Oom Paul  
I'm sure will be friends with them all !

He wasn't quite sound on the Franchise  
    Of old in his African home :  
To Progress in all of its branches  
    He's not as devoted as some :  
But practice will quickly improve him,  
    He'll form his opinions anew,  
And O ! when he sees how you love him  
    (A thing that is granted to few  
        To do)  
He can't but be partial to you !

## TALANA HILL

PEACE to the empty rhetorical prater,  
Peace to your patriot chatter and brag!  
What! did you deem that the Celt was a  
traitor,  
Dream that the soldier was false to his  
flag?  
Hurl, if it please you, your windy defiance,  
Talk of the deeds that you never will  
do,  
Eloquent Dillons and frothy O'Briens—  
Slander not men that are better than you!

Waiting the word that would call them to  
action,  
Sternly determined to conquer or fall,  
Little they recked of the babble of  
faction—  
Soldiers of Ireland afar in Natal:  
Only they knew that the guns were before  
them,  
Only they knew there was honour to  
gain,—

Charged on the foe for the island that bore  
them,

Routed and chased him o'er mountain and  
plain !

'Tis not in speech is a country's salvation :  
Lads that can fall with their face to the  
foe—

These are the men to make Ireland a nation :  
*Slainte*, O Irish who fought at Glencoe !  
Saxon and Celt they may strive to dissever,  
Faction may part us and seas are between ;  
Soldiers are links to unite us for ever,  
Soldiers of Erin who died for their Queen !

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